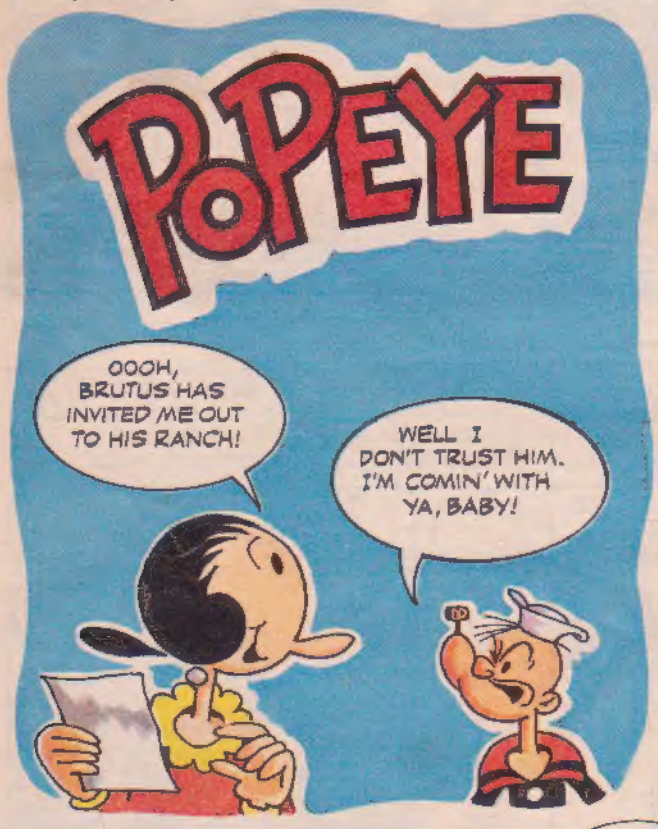
Only sixpence

TV COMIC

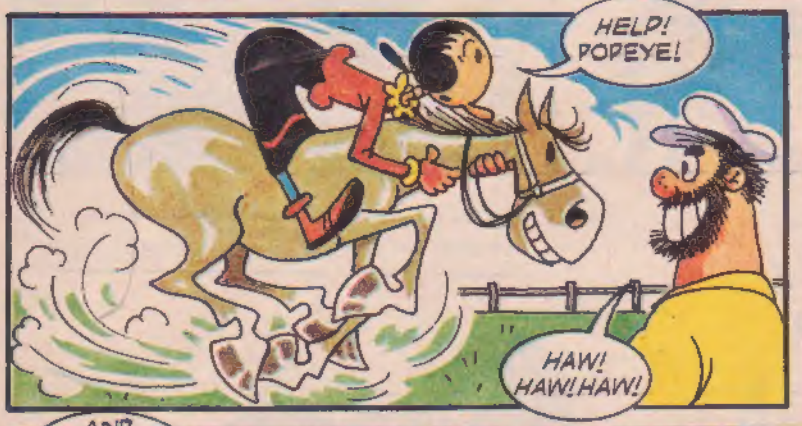
Every Monday | Week Ending 26th March, 1966 | Number 745

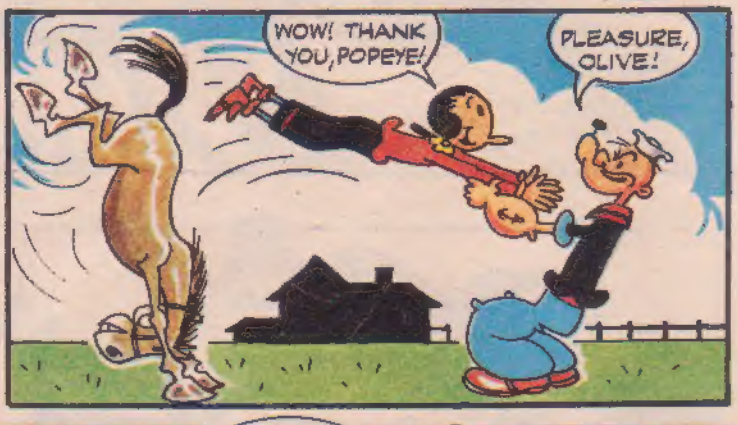
Fun with OLLIE and FRED on page 13

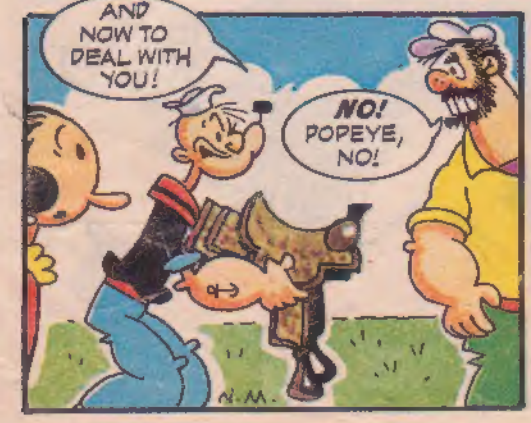
POPEYE

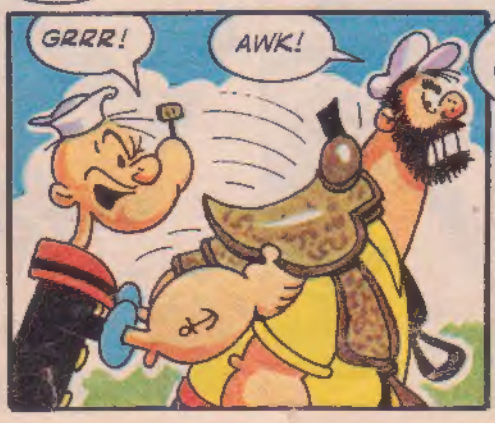


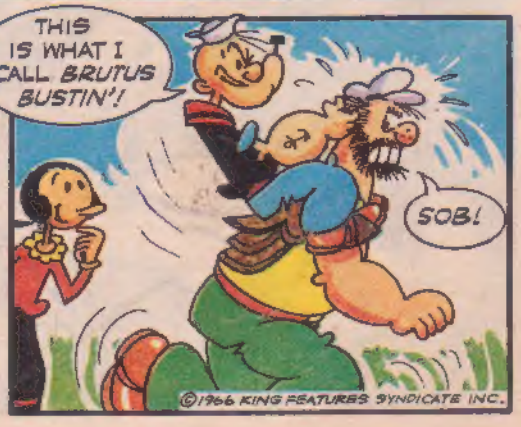
SO AT THE RANCH...
I'LL GET THE BAGS OUT!
LET ME DEMONSTRATE BRANDING TO YOU, OLIVE!
YOU PUTS THE HOT IRON ONTO THE ANIMAL... LIKE THIS!
NAAAARGH!











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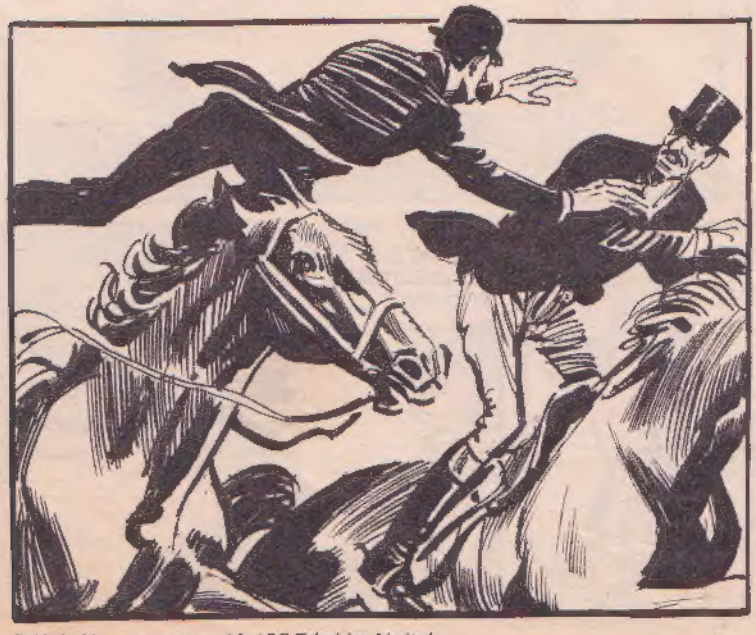
THE AVENGERS

ESCAPING from Kronsky, Steed and Emma join a foxhunt to pursue Pedro and Alonso, two foreign agents who are getting away with an important microfilm . . .

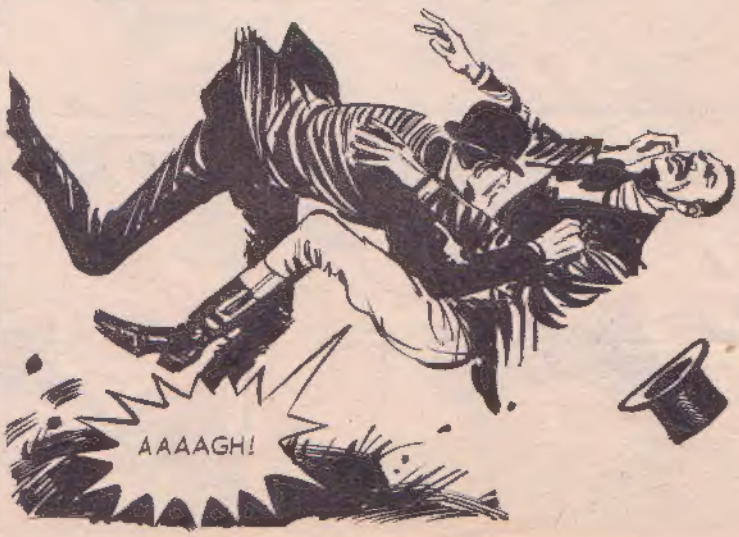
. . . AND PEDRO AND ALONSO INTEND THIS TO BE THEIR FINAL GETAWAY. . . .
WE ARE NOT FOLLOWING THE FOX. WHEN WE REACH THOSE TREES, WE BREAK TO THE LEFT.
GOOD, IT IS NOT FAR FROM THERE TO THE COAST WHERE THE BOAT IS WAITING.

IT WAS CLEVER OF YOU TO OBTAIN FOR US AN INVITATION TO THIS HOUSE PARTY, SO NEAR TO THE RESEARCH STATION WHERE WE FOUND THE MICROFILM.

THE FOREIGN AGENTS THINK THEY ARE GETTING CLEAR AWAY, BUT THEY ARE UNAWARE THAT STEED AND MRS. PEEL ARE CLOSE BEHIND THEM. . .
THAT'S PEDRO, THE ONE ON THE LEFT.
THANK YOU, MRS. PEEL, I AM GOING TO OVERTAKE HIM. I THINK I HAVE THE BETTER HORSE.



STEED SUCCEEDS IN HIS 'COWBOY TRICK'.



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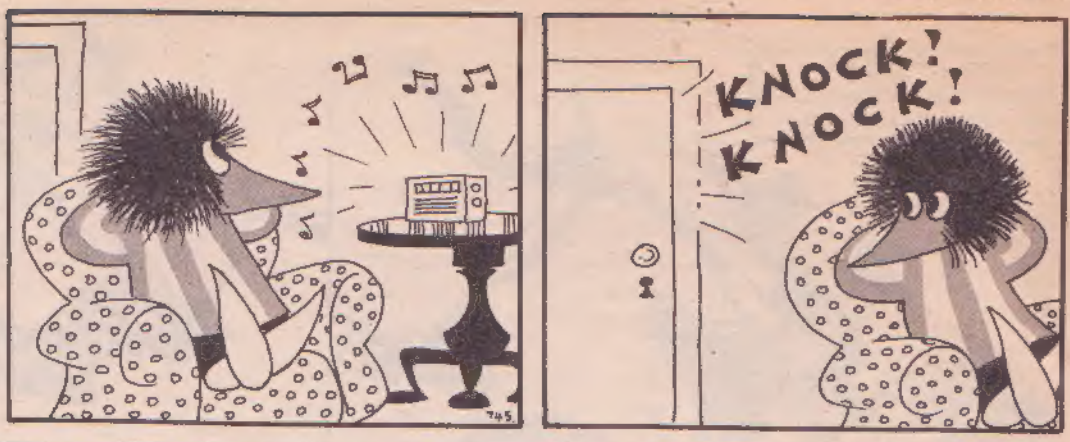
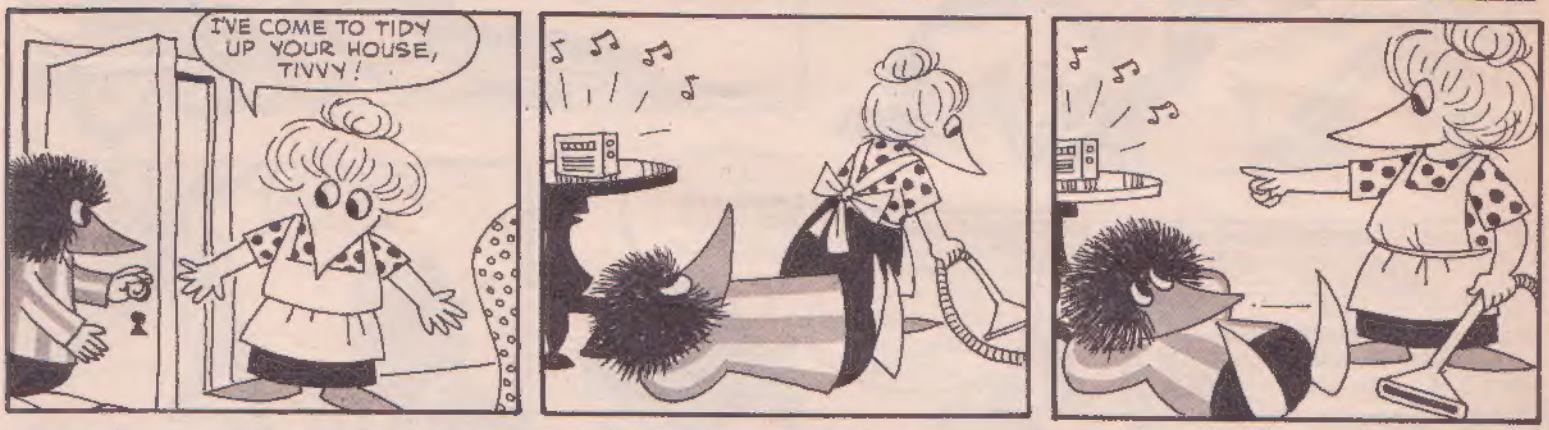
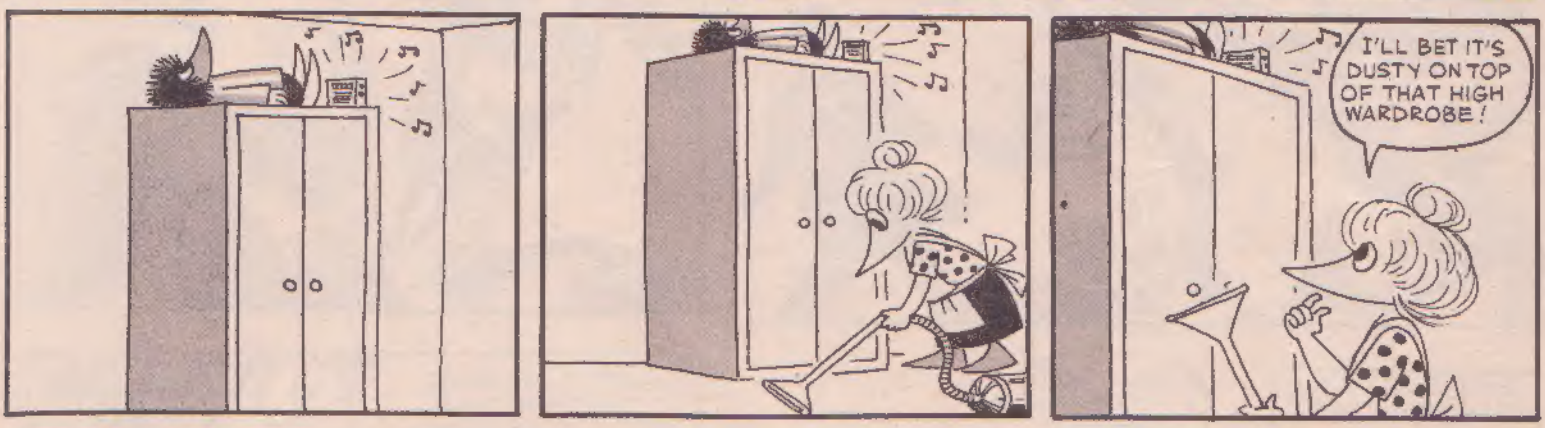
AND MRS. PEEL FOLLOWS HIS EXAMPLE IN HER OWN WAY...
GOT YOU, MY FRIEND. NOW I'LL HAVE THAT MICROFILM.
MEANTIME, HOWEVER, KRONSKY AND KARL ARE CHASING STEED AND EMMA...
THEY ARE AMONG THOSE TREES SOMEWHERE— I SAW THEM ENTER. YOU GO LEFT, I WILL GO RIGHT.
AND EMMA HEARS A GALLOPING HORSE...
STEED, TAKE COVER! THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING!
AT LAST! I'VE GOT THAT MICROFILM.
DON'T PANIC, MRS. PEEL! I HAVE THE FILM AND...
...AND THAT FILM IS MINE, MR. STEED. HAND IT OVER!
YOU ARE STILL FORGETTING THE LADY, MR. KRONSKY.
EMMA'S ATTACK FLOORS KRONSKY COMPLETELY...
YOU MAKE A WONDERFUL ASSISTANT, MRS. PEEL.
NEVER MIND THE FLATTERY. DO YOU STILL HAVE THAT MICROFILM?
I HAVE IT, MY DEAR, SO THE 'HUNT' HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL— BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FOX.
NEVER MIND THE FOX EITHER— ALL I WANT NOW IS A NICE CUP OF TEA...

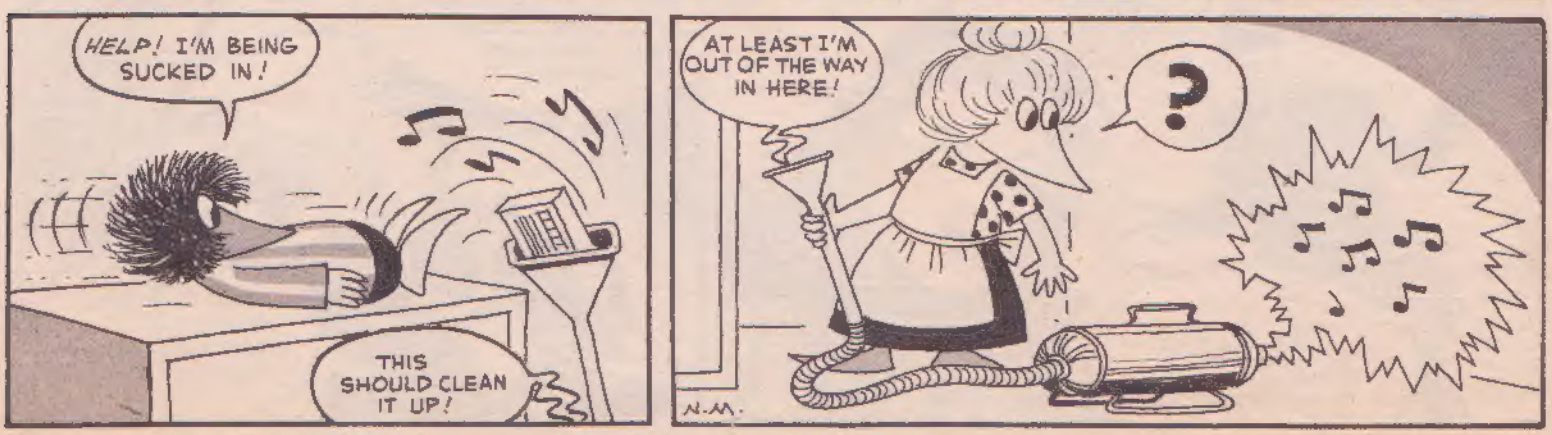
More thrills and excitement with The Avengers, next week

Tivvy





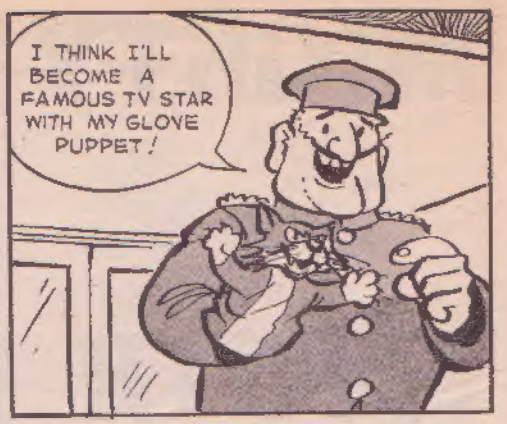


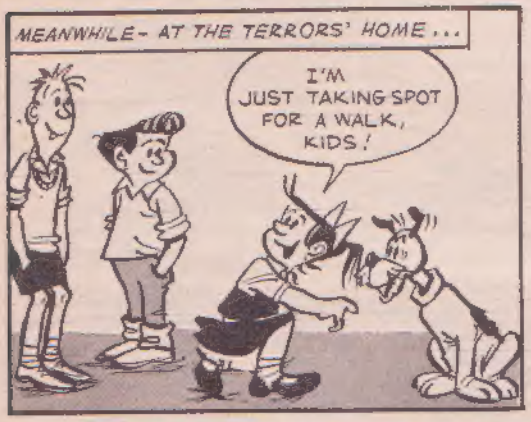


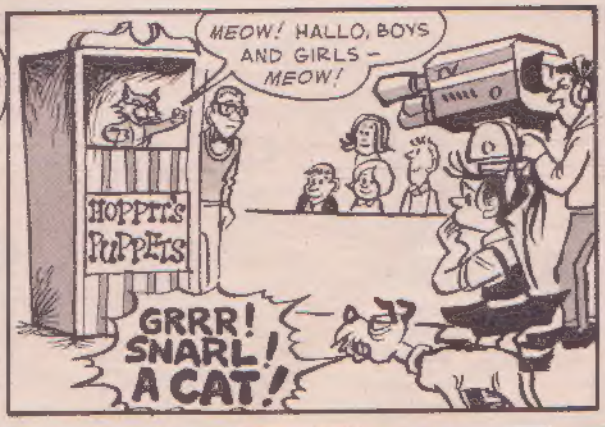
Tivvy created by Atelier Fauni, Finland.

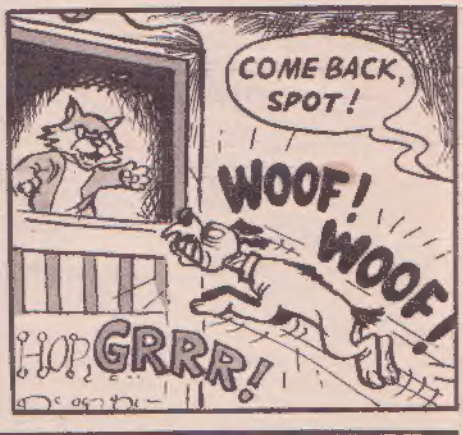
Next week you'll be in fits of laughter when Tivvy keeps fit

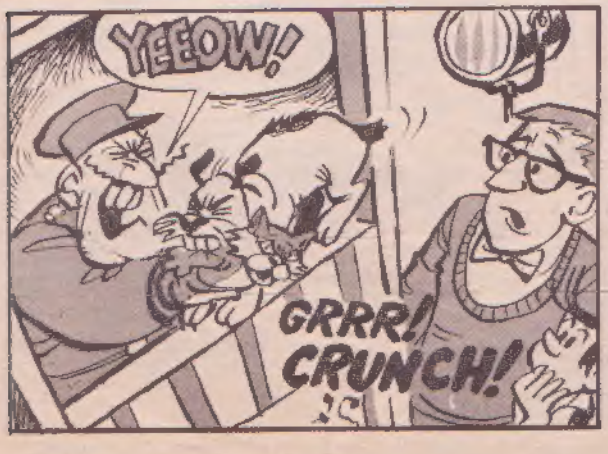
TV TERRORS





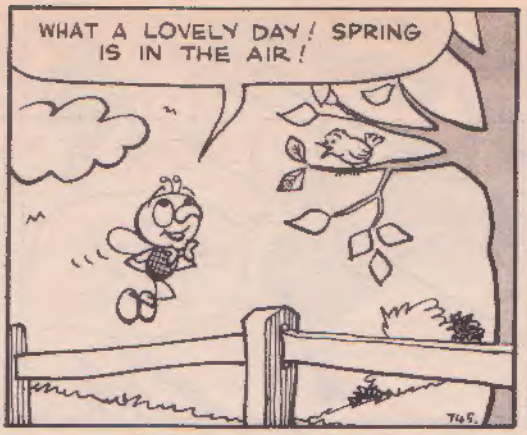


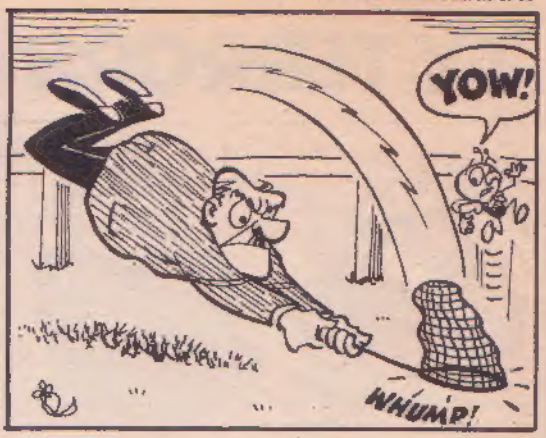


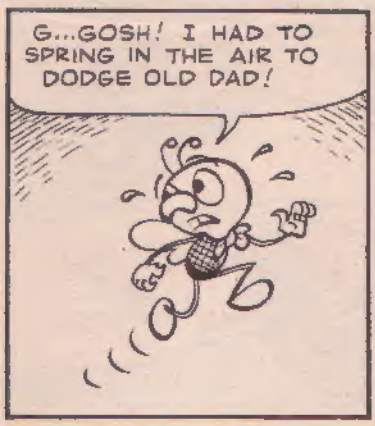


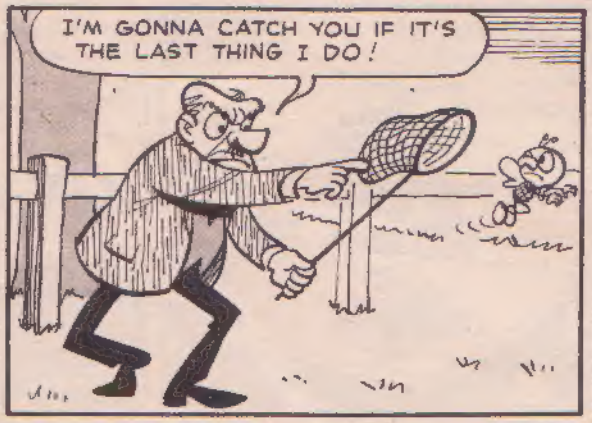
More laughs with the Terrors and Hoppit next week

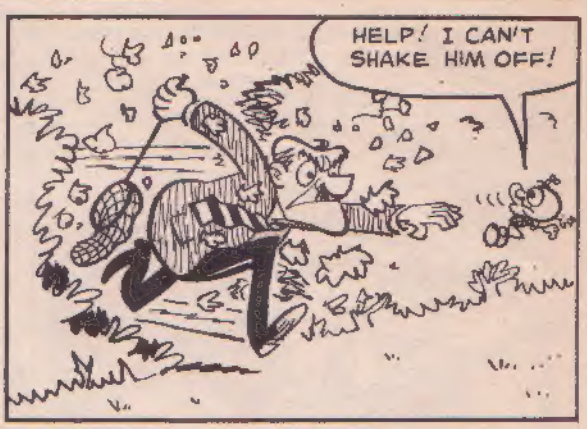
MIGHTY MOTH

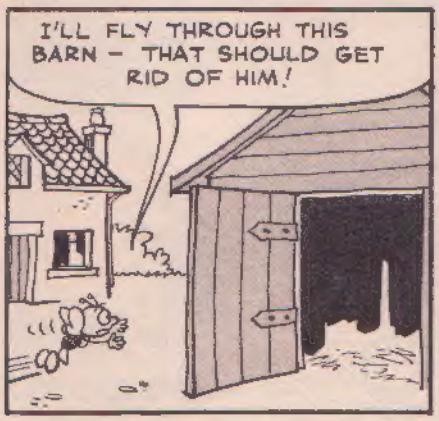


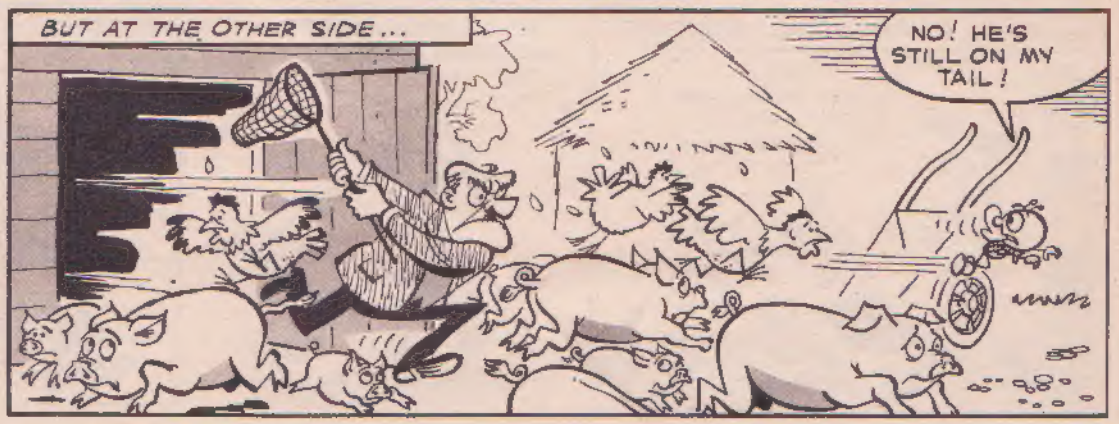


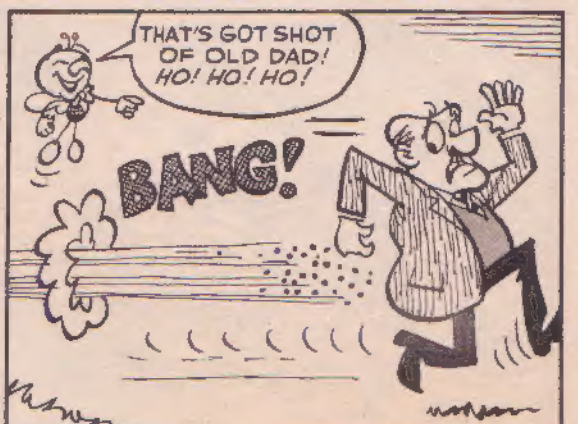






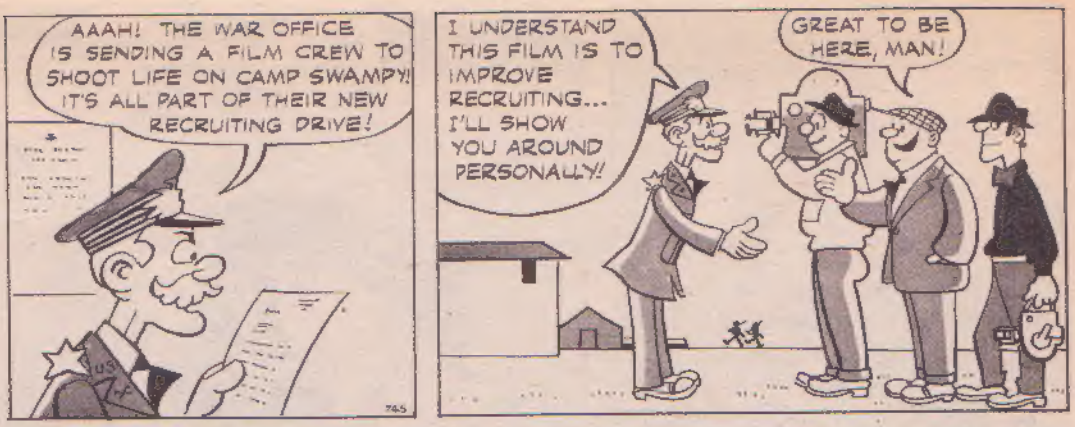




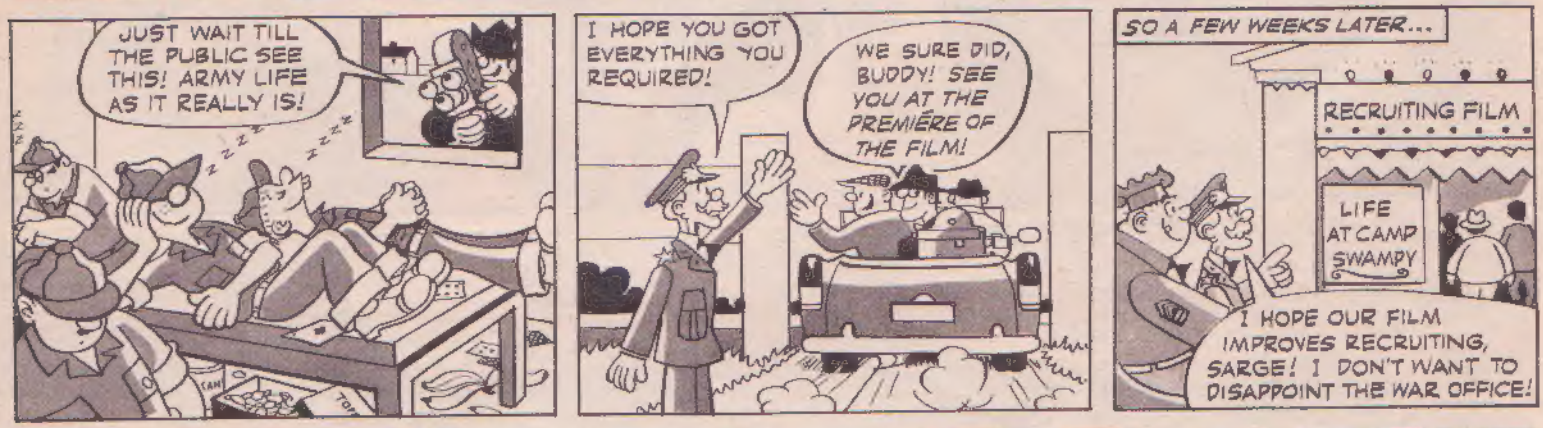


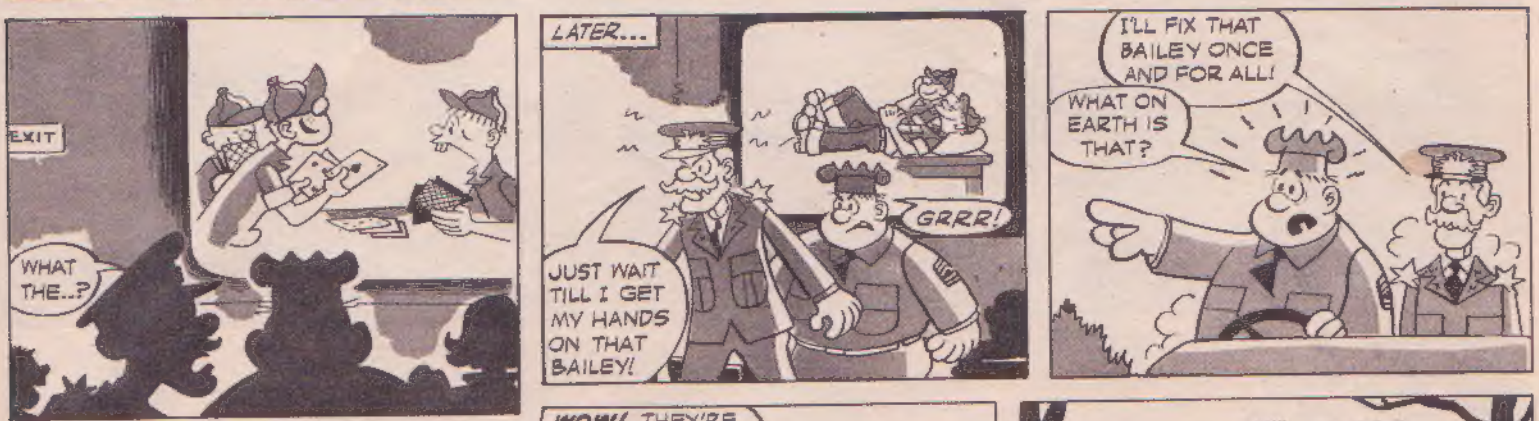
Next week, there's record breaking laughs with Dad's radiogram

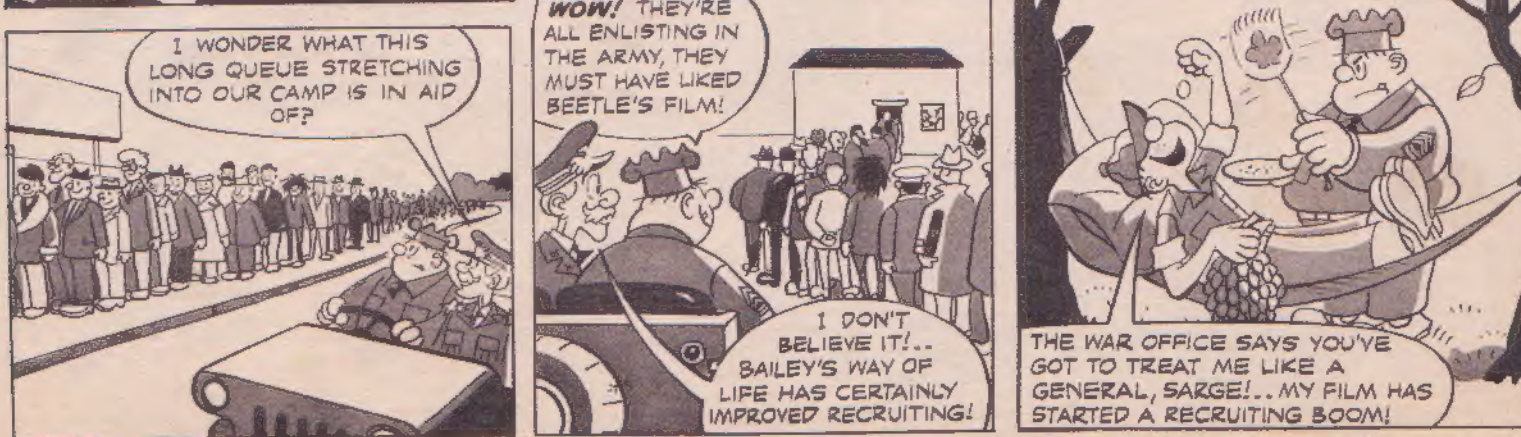
BEETLE BAILEY


AAAH! THE WAR OFFICE IS SENDING A FILM CREW TO SHOOT LIFE ON CAMP SWAMPY! IT'S ALL PART OF THEIR NEW RECRUITING DRIVE!
I UNDERSTAND THIS FILM IS TO IMPROVE RECRUITING... I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND PERSONALLY!
GREAT TO BE HERE, MAN!

COME ALONG WITH ME!
WHILE THEY GET THE OFFICIAL FILM...I'LL GET A FILM OF WHAT LIFE ON CAMP SWAMPY IS REALLY LIKE!
THESE GUYS LOOK LIKE AVERAGE SOLDIERS...I'LL GET A FEW SHOTS OF 'EM!
THIS CHARACTER IS A GREAT SUBJECT...WHAT A LOAFER! HA! HA!


JUST WAIT TILL THE PUBLIC SEE THIS! ARMY LIFE AS IT REALLY IS!
I HOPE YOU GOT EVERYTHING YOU REQUIRED!
WE SURE DID, BUDDY! SEE YOU AT THE PREMIÉRE OF THE FILM!
SO A FEW WEEKS LATER...
RECRUITING FILM
LIFE AT CAMP SWAMPY
I HOPE OUR FILM IMPROVES RECRUITING, SARGE! I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT THE WAR OFFICE!


EXIT
WHAT THE..?
LATER...
GRRR!
JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT BAILEY!
I'LL FIX THAT BAILEY ONCE AND FOR ALL!
WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?


I WONDER WHAT THIS LONG QUEUE STRETCHING INTO OUR CAMP IS IN AID OF?
WOW! THEY'RE ALL ENLISTING IN THE ARMY, THEY MUST HAVE LIKED BEETLE'S FILM!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!.. BAILEY'S WAY OF LIFE HAS CERTAINLY IMPROVED RECRUITING!
THE WAR OFFICE SAYS YOU'VE GOT TO TREAT ME LIKE A GENERAL, SARGE!.. MY FILM HAS STARTED A RECRUITING BOOM!

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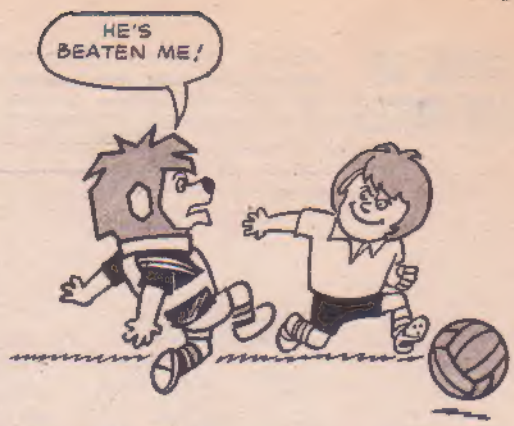
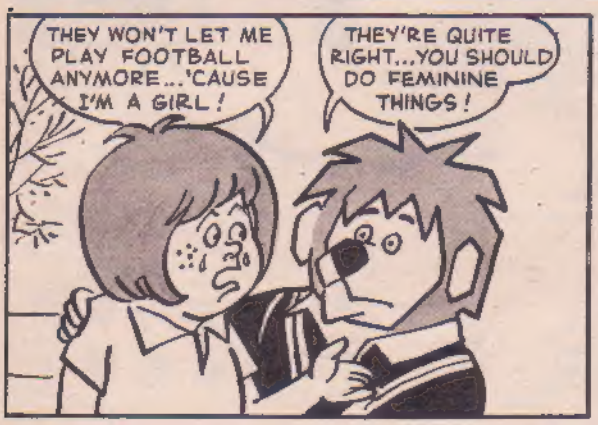
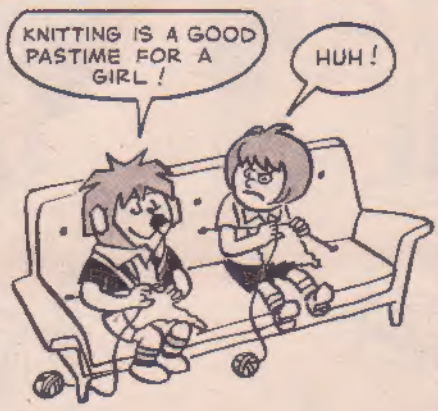
More military mirth with the Camp Swampy misfits next week

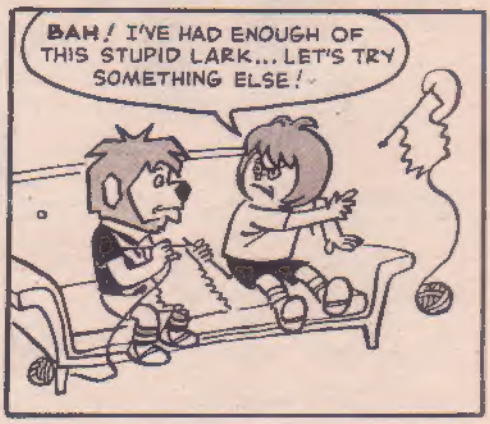
Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's

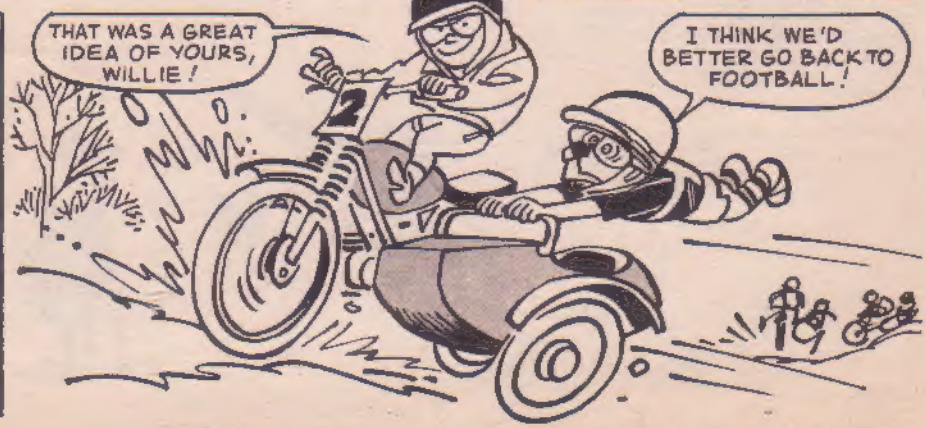
WORLD CUP WILLIE











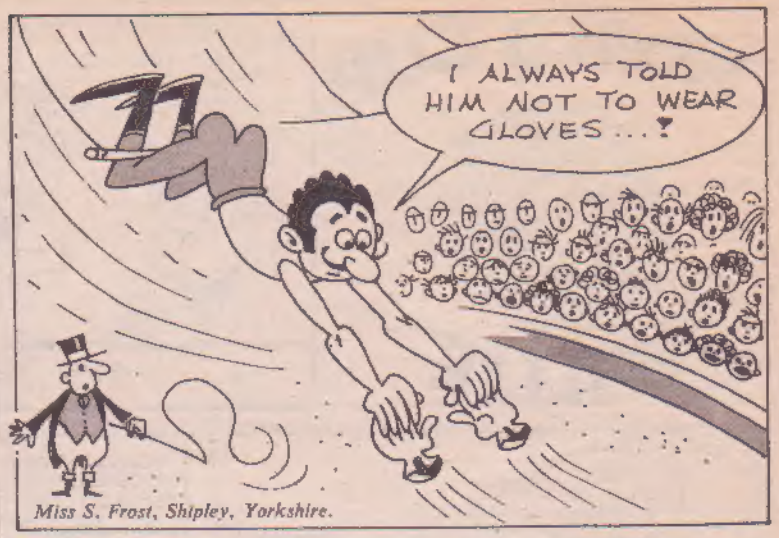
© Football Association, 1966

Willie's woolly jumper will have you in stitches next week

PICK OF THE JOKES

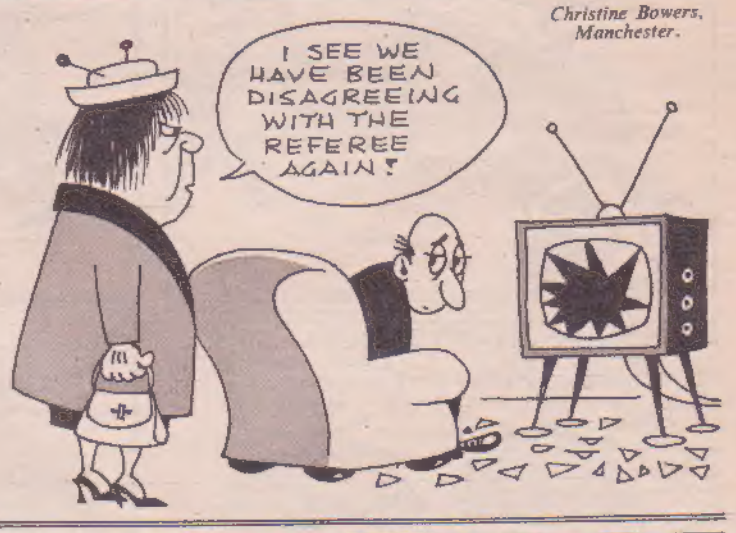
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

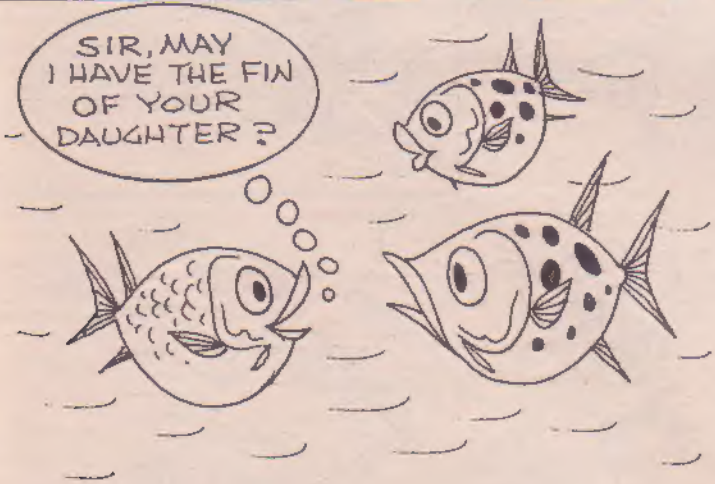
Ahmet Femhi, London, E.1.



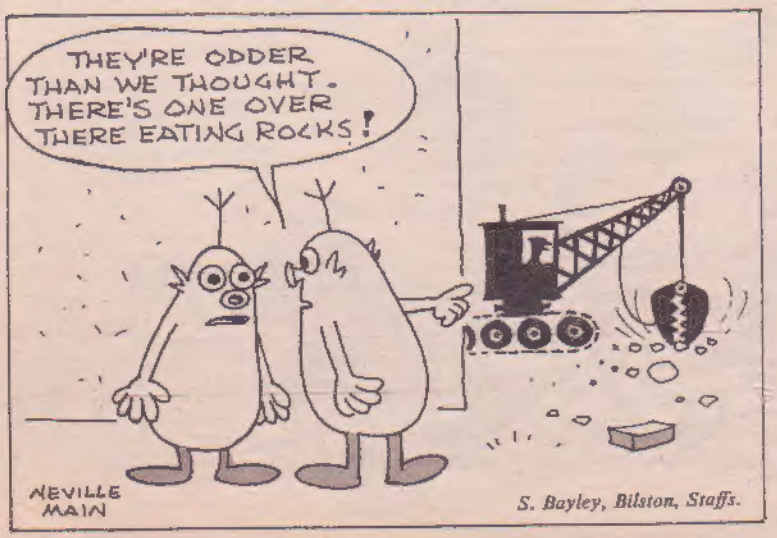
Miss S. Frost, Shipley, Yorkshire.

Christine Bowers, Manchester.



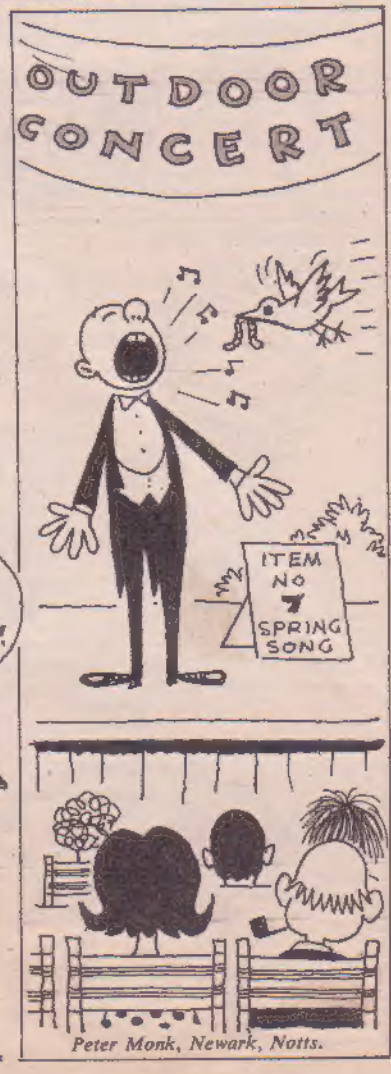


Stephen Fairbrother, Broadway, Worcs.



S. Bayley, Bilston, Staffs.

L. King, Hull, Yorks.



Peter Monk, Newark, Notts.

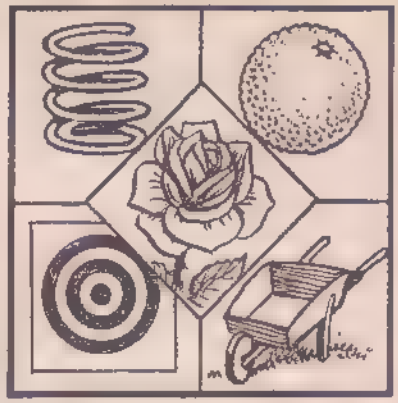
Ollie and Fred's FUN PAGE

1.

WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE A DOT PUZZLE THIS WEEK. SO JUST CONNECT THE DOTS FROM 1 TO 63 TO FINISH THIS PICTURE.

2.

FIRST FIND THE NAMES OF THE OBJECTS IN THESE FIVE SHAPES. THEN BY TAKING A PAIR OF LETTERS FROM EACH OF THEM YOU CAN MAKE THE NAME OF A WELL-KNOWN POP STAR.



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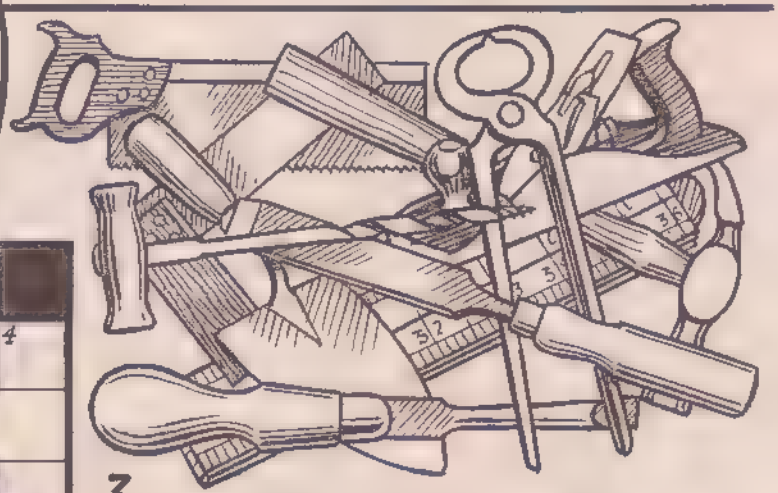
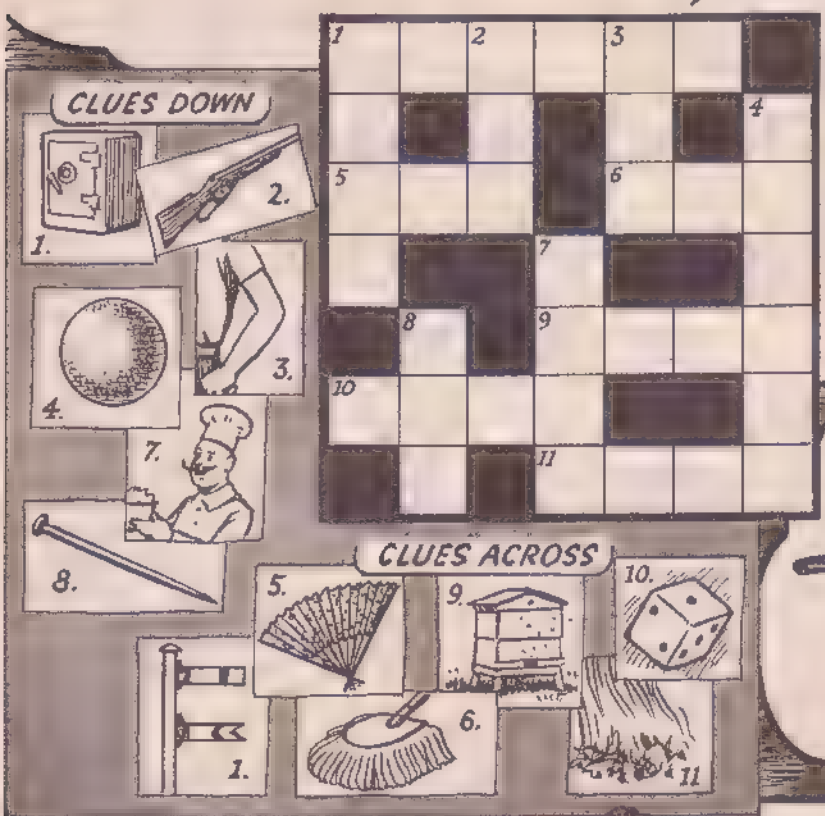


WE FOUND THESE TOOLS IN OUR WOODWORK SHED. ONE OF THEM IS OUT OF PLACE. *CAN YOU SEE WHICH ONE AND WHY ?*

4.

CAN YOU MAKE 8 SQUARES ALL THE SAME SIZE FROM 15 USED MATCHES WITHOUT BREAKING OR CROSSING ANY OF THEM? *IT CAN BE DONE, BUT NEEDS A BIT OF THOUGHT.*

5.



WHAT FISH SHOULD BE A SUCCESS ON TELEVISION ?

ANSWERS

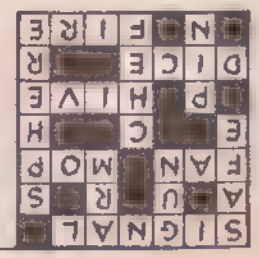
1. IS A YOUNG PUPPY AND A TORTOISE

2. SPRING. ORANGE. ROSE. TARGET BARROW. *MAKING THE NAME* RINGO STARR

3. THEY ARE ALL CARPENTERS' TOOLS EXCEPT THE TROWEL WHICH IS USED BY BUILDERS.

4.

5. HOLD THE ANSWER UP TO A MIRROR.



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THE TELEGOONS

IN

IVORY PLAYS OR IVORY DON'T

"MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, WELL KNOWN FOR MY NEDDIE SEAGOON PROMENADE CONCERTS. ONE DAY THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN PIANIST, HENRY CRUNIKOV, ARRIVED FOR REHEARSAL..."

THIS WAY, HENRY— YOUR PIANO AWAITS!

BUT..

YOU GREAT NITOVITCH! THESE PIANO KEYS ARE MADE OF PLASTIC! I, THE GREAT CRUNIKOV, WILL ONLY PLAY ON GENUINE IVORY KEYS!

PIANO KEYS ARE MADE OF ELEPHANT TUSKS! THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT TO GET TO AFRICA AND BACK BEFORE THE CONCERT ON WEDNESDAY— GRAB YOUR TOOTHBRUSH, BLUEBOTTLE!

SO...

AFRICA, HERE WE COME!

LATER, AT GRITPYPE - THYNNE'S TRADING STATION DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE...

YONDER SWELTERING WHITE MAN MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US!

POP

SO YOU WANT ELEPHANT TUSKS, EH? THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP YOU - ECCLES OF THE JUNGLE. CROSS MY STEAMING PALM WITH SILVER AND I'LL GUIDE YOU TO HIM!

LATER...

YA-HOO-HEE-AGHOO!

HERE HE COMES!

ME ECCLES!

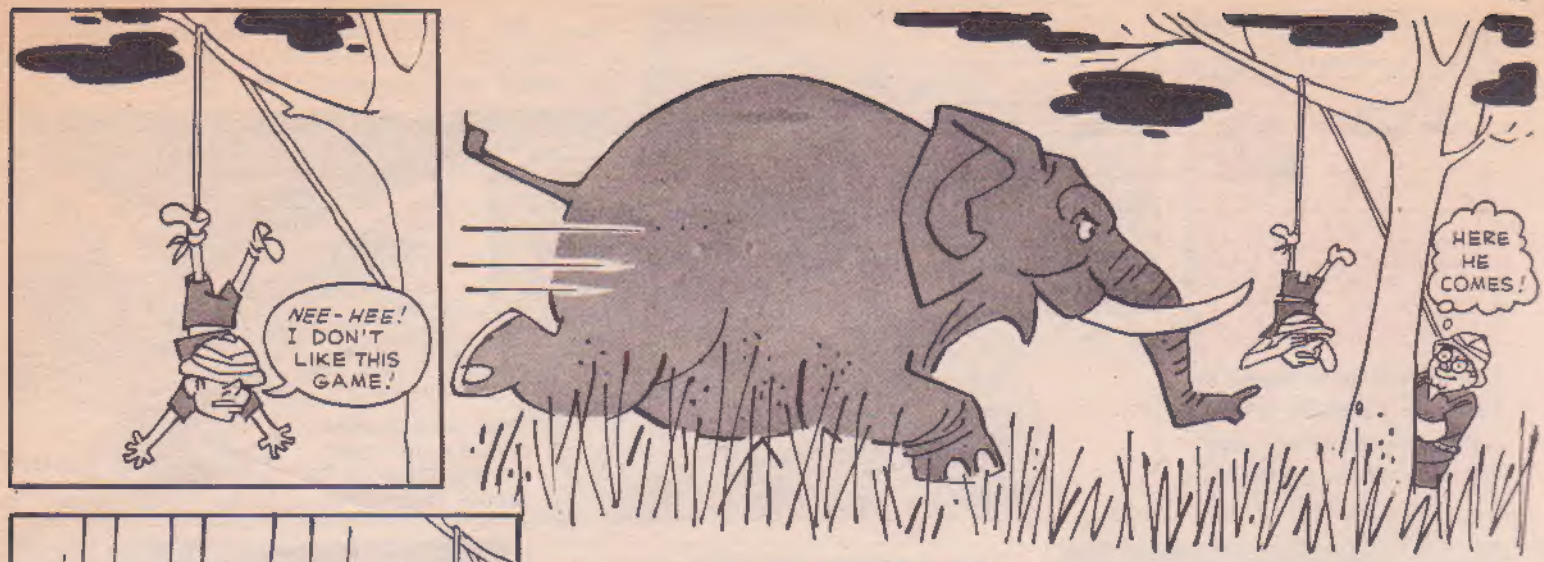
ME SEAGOON!

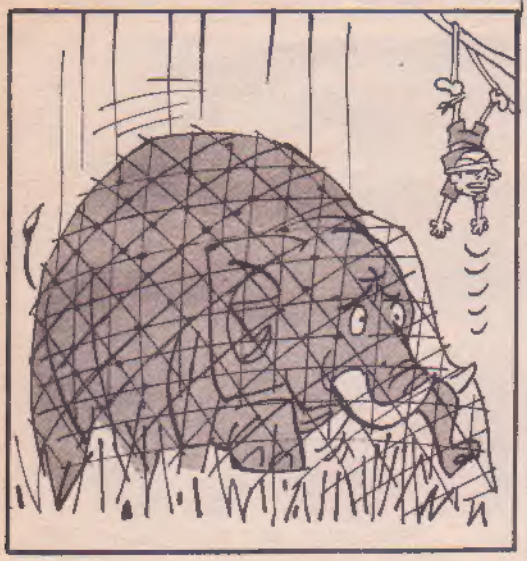
NEDDIE EXPLAINS...

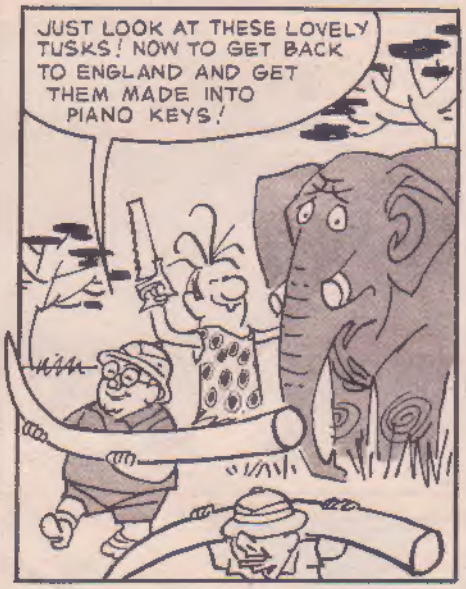
DA.., ME KNOW ELEPHANT WITH BIGGEST TUSKS IN AFRICA - WE NEED BAIT TO CATCH HIM!

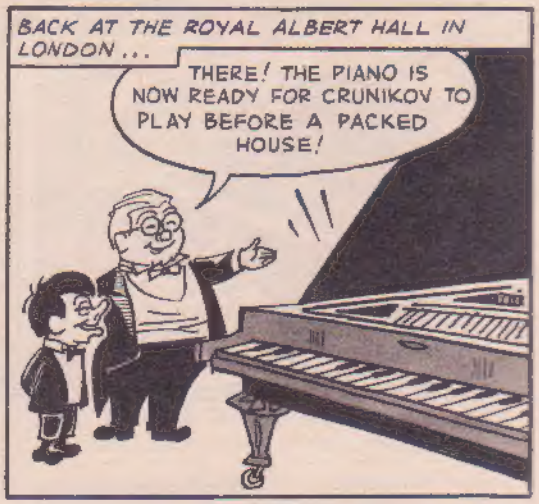
BAIT, EH?

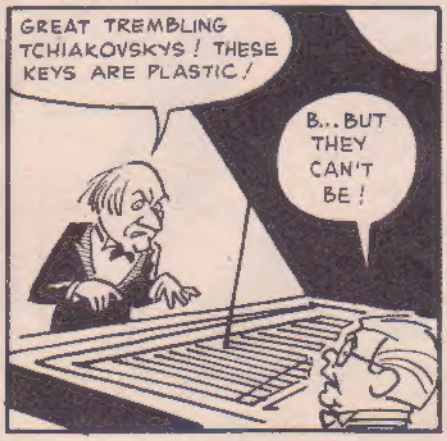
NEE-HEE! DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, CAPITAIN! I DON'T WANT TO BE ELEPHANT BAIT!

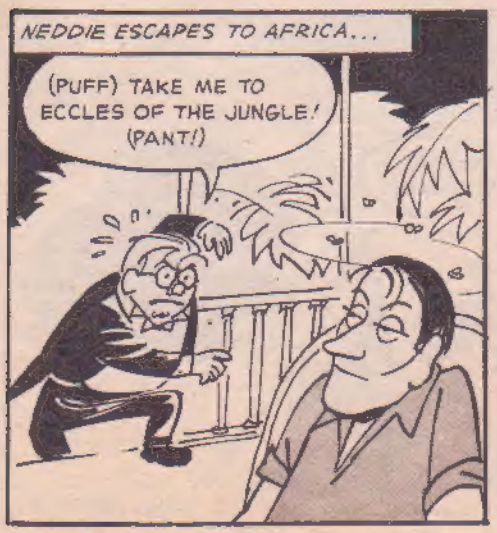


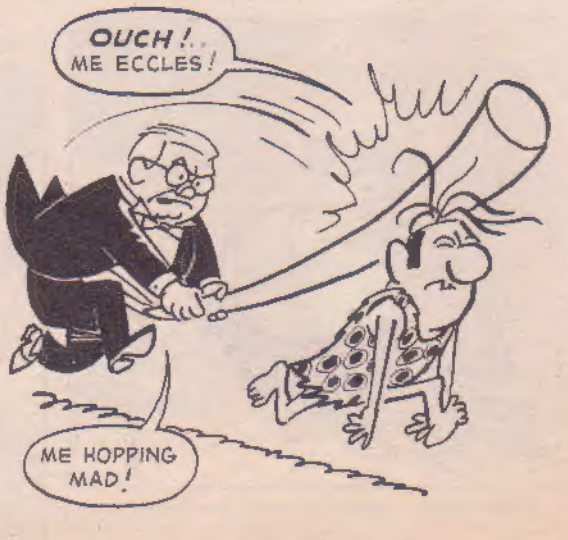












Spring springs a surprise on Neddie Seagoon next week

The Secret Sign of the Ladybird Adventure Club

You too will be a member if you wear Ladybird clothes —like millions of boys and girls all over the world.

Johnny, Bill, Brenda and Lottie had been captured by bandits, thrown into a stolen van and driven away. The police are suspicious and follow the van.

THEY ARE GAINING ON US—WE MUST DO SOMETHING TO SHAKE THEM OFF!

WE MUST GET THEM OUT OF THE VAN AND HIDE THEM!

The bandits stop out of sight of the pursuing police car a few corners behind.

They throw the adventurers out and . . .

OUT YOU GET!

. . . push them into a mountain cave.

One bandit guards Johnny and his friends. The other pushes the van over the cliff.

CRASH

It crashes down on the rocks below.

Racing round the corner the police see the wheel tracks going over the edge.

They climb down to look for survivors.

The bandits see the unguarded police car.

PING

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

STOP!

. . . and race off with their prisoners.

DOCTOR WHO

THE three time and space travellers are on the parched planet. They are in the apparatus room where water is manufactured when there is suddenly an explosion. The door has jammed and they cannot get out, as the room begins to fill with gas . . .

QUICKLY, JOHN! FETCH THAT CYLINDER OF OXYGEN OVER HERE!

RIGHTO, COMING!

OH, GRANDFATHER, PLEASE BE QUICK! THIS GAS IS CHOKING ME!

DON'T WORRY GILLIAN! WITH THIS ACETYLENE I'LL HAVE THE DOOR OPEN IN NO TIME!

THE LOCK IS NEARLY CUT AWAY. WE'LL BE SAFELY OUTSIDE ANY SECOND NOW!

JOLLY GOOD, GRANDFATHER!

AAH! FRESH AIR AT LAST!

THANK YOU FOR RESCUING US LIKE THAT, DR. WHO. AFTER THAT EXPLOSION WE SHALL NOW HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OF PRODUCING WATER, OTHERWISE OUR CROPS WILL PERISH!

WE MUST THINK OF SOMETHING.

OO, GOOD-APPLES! I FEEL LIKE ONE AFTER ALL THAT GAS! HERE YOU ARE, GILLIAN.

LOVELY! I'M SURE THAT NICE PLANTATION MAN WON'T MIND IF WE HAVE ONE.

BUT GILLIAN IS IN FOR A SHOCK . . .

OH! JOHN, LOOK, **LOOK!** IT'S **HORRIBLE!**

JUST THEN . . .

SIR, SOME TERRIBLE NEWS! A PLAGUE OF BLACK SCORPI HAS HIT OUR PLANET AND ARE EATING ALL OUR CROPS! LOOK OVER THERE!

QUICKLY! GET THE INSECTICIDE GUNS OUT AND SPRAY THE CROPS BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE MUST STOP THEM GETTING ANY NEARER!

GRANDFATHER, LOOK! THESE POISONOUS SCORPI ARE GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER! THEY'RE ALMOST ON US. WHAT **ARE** WE GOING TO DO?

MEVIN

IT'S HOPELESS! THE SPRAY IS HAVING NO EFFECT ON THEM! THEY ARE EATING EVERYTHING!

QUICK! GET BACK TO THE BUILDING— THESE CREATURES ARE ATTACKING **US** NOW!

QUICKLY, EVERYONE, GATHER AS MUCH FOOD AS YOU CAN! WE SHALL HAVE TO BARRICADE OURSELVES INSIDE. THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!

I'VE GOT SOME ALREADY!

© BBC tv 1966

Can anything stop the insect army? See next week's TV Comic.